

Some A Coffee House
P O E M.

*Mr. G.
Mr. C.
Mr. A.
Mr. D.*

Humbly inscrib'd to Her MAJESTY

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14*

To which is added,

The ROYAL HERMITAGE: A POEM.

Both by a L A D Y. *K. Melisa*



L O N D O N :

Printed by EDWARD CAVE, at St JOHN'S GATE.
MDCCXXXV. Price SIX-PENCE.

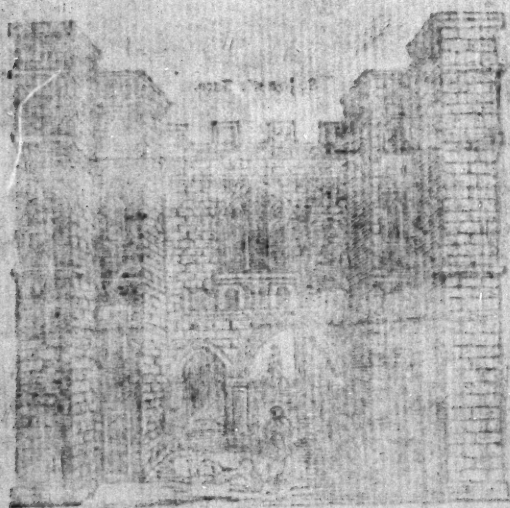
P O E M

Humbly inscribed to Her Majesty

To which is added

THE ROYAL HERMITAGE, A POEM.

By a L A D Y.



LONDON:

Printed by EDWARD GALT, at St. John's Gate.
Price Six-Pence.



MERLIN: A POEM.

Humbly Inscribed (Octob. 1735.) to

Her MAJESTY *QUEEN GUARDIAN.*

ILLUSTRIOUS QUEEN!

The loyal Zeal excuse,
The fond Ambition, of a *British Muse*,
Who wou'd, in *Merlin's* Praise, attempt to soar;
And in his *Cave*, Your Patronage implore;
Protection seek, beneath Your *Royal Name*;
And borrow Strength to rise, from *Merlin's* Fame.

When

When *Sol* to distant Climes had giv'n the Day,
And shone on ours, with pale reflected Ray;
When *Night* with solemn pace, advanc'd her Head,
And o'er the Hemisphere her Mantle spread;
Yet thro' the sable Gloom, those Orbs reveal'd,
Which in a Flood of Light, the Day conceal'd :
I, to a Summit, mus'd along, to see
Unnumber'd *Suns*, which croud the *Galaxy*.
But *Merlin's Cave*, had such Impressions made,
And Royal Honours, to his Mem'ry pay'd;
Pleas'd with Reflection, and involv'd in Thought;
Creative *Fancy*, soon this *Vision* wrought.

Then, lo! beneath a venerable *Oak*,
Which oft repell'd the Tempest's furious stroke;
Whose spreading Arms, a wide Circumf'rence show,
And from whose Trunk, springs sacred *Misseltoe* :
Methought, I saw an awful *Shade* arise;
(Fit object only, for Poetick Eyes.)

The

The Form Majestick, and the Front serene ;
Angles, and *Circles*, on his Robe were seen.*
The * *Northern Crown*, around his Temples shone,
And the *Celestial Signs* adorn'd his Zone.
The *British Harp*, seem'd to support one Hand ;
While t'other, gently wav'd the sacred *Wand*.
The *Manes* of great *Merlin* stood confess'd ;
And my enraptur'd Fancy, thus address'd :

‘Why will *Melissa*, *Merlin*’s praise decline,
‘Distinguish’d now, by Royal *CAROLINE*?
‘Believe not *such*, as wou’d asperse my Name ;
‘But trust those *Authors*, who defend my Fame,
‘You, to the Royal *Grotto*, touch’d the Lyre,
‘And durst in God-like *Newton*’s Praise aspire.
‘Why shou’d not *British Merlin*, grace thy Page,
‘In *Mathematicks*, once esteem’d a Sage?
‘A well-try’d *Genius*, cou’d transmit to Fame
‘My honour’d *Modern Cave*, and Ancient *Name*:
B ‘Might

* A Constellation so call’d.

‘ Might, to my ROYAL GUEST, re-touch the String,
‘ And as * *he* fung the *Saint*, the *Prophet* sing.
‘ But since the *Cambrian Bards*, neglect the *Muse*;
‘ *Melissa*’s humbler Strains, I’ll not refuse.

‘ SIX Centuries, twice told, are now compleat,
‘ Since *Merlin* liv’d on this terrestrial Seat,
‘ Knowledge appear’d, but dawning to my Sight;
‘ She blaz’d on *Newton* with Meridian Light.
‘ Yet the faint Glimm’rings, which my *Genius* taught,
‘ Beyond the ken, of human Art, were thought.
‘ What I by meer mechanick Pow’rs atchiev’d,
‘ Th’ Effects of *Magick*, then, by most believ’d.
‘ To *Stone-henge*, let the Sons of Art, repair,
‘ And View the Wonders, I, erected There.
‘ Try, if their Skill improv’d, Mine, e’er can foil;
‘ Restore the *Giants-Dance* t’ *Hibernian* Soil.
‘ Nor in *Geometry*, excell’d alone;
‘ But other *Sciences* to me were known.

‘ I

* Author of the *LEEK*, a Poem, presented to her Majesty.

I study'd *Nature*, through her various Ways;
 And chaunted to this *Harp*, prophetick Lays.
 To † *Cader Ydris* oft, I took my Way;
 Rose with the *Sun*, toil'd up th' Ascent all Day;
 But scarce could reach, the Mountains tow'ring height,
 E'er Radiant *Vesper*, usher'd in the Night.
 The Summit gain'd, I sought with naked Eye,
 To penetrate, the Wonders of the Sky.
 No Telescopic Glafs known in that Age,
 To assist the Optics of the curious Sage.
 Though lov'd *Astronomy* oft charm'd my Mind,
 I now erroneous, all my Notions find.
 I thought bright *Sol*, around our *Globe* had run;
 Nor knew Earth's Motion, nor the central *Sun*.
 And had I known; cou'd I Belief have gain'd,
 When Ignorance, and Superstition reign'd?
 ' Unseen by me, *Attraction's* mighty Force,
 And how fierce *Comets*, run their stated Course ;
 ' Sur-

† A Mountain in *Merionethshire*, accounted by some the Highest in *Britain*; as an Argument for which they alledge, it bears Variety of *Alpine* Plants.

‘ Surprising Scenes! by Heav’n reserv’d in store,
‘ For its own Fav’rite *Newton*, to explore.
‘ With Faculties enlarg’d, *He’s* gone to prove
‘ The Laws, and Motions of yon *Worlds* above;
‘ And the vast Circuits of th’ Expanse survey,
‘ View *Solar Systems* in the *Milky Way*.
‘ My Spirit too through Ether wings its Flight,
‘ Discov’ring *Truths*, deny’d my mortal Sight.
‘ Transported hovers, o’er my native Isle,
‘ Where Arts improve, and Peace and Plenty smile.

‘ But lo! *Boötes* drives his radiant Car,
‘ High on its Course, around the *Polar Star*,
‘ And fiery *Draco*, drops his starry Crest;
‘ ’Tis time, thou shouldst indulge thy needful Rest.
‘ Yet stay, *Melissa* !---try this fav’rite Lyre;
‘ And *Merlin* will the grateful Song inspire.
‘ To *Learning’s Patroness*, my Thanks convey;
‘ And humbly at her Feet, present thy Lay.

' Conscious, how mean, and how unskill'd thy Hand,
 ' I see thee tremble, at my kind Command.
 ' Let my Persuasion, once, thy Fears beguile ;
 ' The gracious QUEEN, will condescend to smile.
 ' For *Merlin's* sake, will give *Melissa* leave,
 ' To touch the Strings, in my much-honour'd *Cave*.
 ' And *Wallia's* gen'rous Prince, will not disdain
 ' What I foretell ;--tho' low, thy Lyrick Strain.

To the QUEEN.



HAIL! *Guardian* of *Britannia's* fate,
 Whose Worth transcends the Regal State!
 Thee! whom propitious Heav'n design'd,
 The *Guard*, and *Glory*, of thy Kind.

E'en *Justice*, wou'd her *Pow'r Divine*,
 Consummate QUEEN! to Thee resign ;

Give up her *Sword* to thy Command,
 And trust her *Balance* in thy Hand.
 Let happy *Britons* learn to know,
 The *Queen of Virtues*, reigns below!

The Sciences, O *Royal Fair*!
 Improve thro' your auspicious Care,
 Your Favour can restore to Fame,
 From dark Oblivion, *Merlin's* Name.
 The *Muses* all, to you resort,
 As to their own *Apolla's* Court.
 Thrice happy *Britons*! *Wisdom's* seen
 Presiding in our matchless QUEEN!
Astrea, and *Minerva*, joyn
 To form one finish'd CAROLINE.



MER.

MERLIN's Prophecy.

Humbly inscrib'd to his R. H. the PRINCE of WALES.



ROYAL *FREDERICK!* Britain's Pride!

Prince, for future Safety giv'n;

For Thee 's decree'd a Virtuous *Bride*,

Choicest *Gift* of bounteous Heav'n.

To reward thy filial Duty,

To perpetuate *Brunswick's* Race,

Wit, and Learning, Youth, and Beauty,

Heav'n prepares for thy Embrace.

No blust'ring Storms, affright the Fair,

No raging Billows, dare to rise;

Safe by *Heav'n's*, and *George's* Care,

May She bless our longing Eyes!

Neptune, sooth old Father *Ocean*,

Mild *Favonius*, waft thy Gales;

May *One* repell each threat'ning Motion,

For *Albion*, t' other swell the Sails!

Behold! She comes, enrich'd with Charms,
Indulgent to thy plighted Love!

Receive the Blessing to thy Arms,
And *Hymen's* hallow'd Rites approve.

Illustrious Pair! wou'd You in Story,
Thro' succeeding Ages shine?

Wou'd You tread the Paths to Glory?
Follow *George*, and *Caroline*.

And lo! I see a *glorious Race*,
Successive rising to Renown!

Decree'd *Britannia's* Throne to grace;
And give new Lustre to a Crown.

Ordain'd, to wield the Sceptre Royal,
With righteous Pow'r, and gentle Sway;

And rule o'er *Britons*, Brave, and Loyal,
'Till Heavn, and Earth, shall melt away.

MELISSA.



On the Bustoes in the Royal Hermitage.

WHILE to our QUEEN each duteous Bard
 conveys
 The faithful Tribute of exalted Praise;
 While Genius, Learning, all their Force
 combine,
 To make the Numbers, as the Theme, divine;
 How shall a *Cambrian Muse*, obscure, and mean,
 The lowest, latest, of the tuneful Train;
 Too weak for Wings, too tardy in her Flight:
 Amongst their Sterling Coin, dare to present her Mite,
D O

O *Queen* ! more learn'd, than e'er *Britannia* saw,
Since our fam'd *Tudor*, to the Realm gave Law.

O *Wife* ! more happy in thy Lord alone,
Than in the Pow'r, and Splendor, of his Throne.

O *Mother* ! blest in your Illustrious Race,
The Guardian Angels, of our future Peace.

O *Patroness of Science* ! wilt thou deign,
T' accept from thy own Sex, this artless Strain ?
Around the Throne, too dazzling Glories dwell ;
May I, most gracious *Queen* ! approach thy Cell ?

Hail happy *Grotto* ! to thy blest Retreat,
Greatness retires, to be more truly Great.
Here, by the Sculptor's Art, are well design'd,
The *Busts* of Those, who dignify'd their Kind.

Locke, *Boyle*, and *Newton*, *Woolaston*, and *Clarke*,
Brighten those Paths which Ignorance made dark ;
Reason, and Arts, Truth moral, and Divine ;
In their immortal Works, unclouded shine.
Resemblance, the well-judging Eye delights,
And th' active Soul, to semblant Thought excites,

Intent, Sh' exerts her Faculties, and Powers,
Rises in Thought, in Contemplation towers.

Reason, that Emanation of the Mind,
Breaks forth in *Locke*; diffusive, and refin'd.

Wisdom, and *Piety*, their Beams unite,
To shine in *Boyle*, with strong, convictive Light;
Which thro' the various Works of Nature, shows
God, the sole Source, whence all Perfection flows.

Newton, th' Allwise Creator's Works explores,
Sublimely, on the Wings of Knowledge, soars;
Th' establish'd Order, of each Orb, unfolds,
And th' omni-present *God*, in all, beholds:
If to the dark Abyss, or bright Abode,
He points; the View still terminates in *God*.

The moral Duties *Woolaston* displays;
On Nature's Laws, the firm Foundation lays.

In *Clarke*, the Christian Purity appears,
Reveal'd Religion, he divinely clears
From Mists of Error, Vapours of blind Zeal,
Which oft her Heav'n-born Beauties, wou'd conceal;

From Sanguin Marks, which her pure Whiteness stain'd;
And all her sacred Truths, polluted, and profan'd;
Her Reason, Learning, Primogeneal Law,
Submit to *Faith*, with Reverence and Awe.
'Tis She, *Celestial Grace*! must those refine;
'Tis her Impression stamps them all divine.

These, are the *Worthies*, which our glorious *Queen*
Delights to honour in this solemn Scene;
She consecrates their Memory to Fame;
Affixing theirs, to her own deathless Name.

While plenteous *Thames*, flows from its Crystal Urn,
While ebbing Tides, to *Ocean's* Bed return;
While circl'ing Waves, around *Britannia* move;
While Liberty, and Honour, *Britons* love;
While the fair *Moon*, reflects the Solar Ray,
And guides the Motions of the swelling *Sea*;
While the bright *Sun*, the golden Day shall give,
With Royal *Caroline's*, these *Sages' Fame* will live.

11:7:49

MELISSA.

F I N I S.